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SPRING.

BY GEO. W. TRYON JR.

When Spring-time comes, I love to stroll
Through the woodland's cheequeered shade ;
Or, pausing on some grassy knoll
Survey the distant bill and glade.
How fragrant is the balmy air
Charged with sweets from flowerets fair !
How full of rich melodious song
Each gentle zephyr floats along !

The earth long draped in mournful guise,
The ice bound streamlet—snow clad plain,
Warmly kissed by sunny skies
Awake with joy to life again.
For long, has winter's iron sway
Ruled forests clad in dreary gray,
Where now the blue-birds sweetly sing
The praise of ever youthful spring.

Spring e'er succeeds to wintry blast,
Yet man's spring-time comes not again ;
A memory of the shadowy past,—
Once gone, he waits its bloom in vain.
His years are but a ceaseless strife
His joys are fleeting as his life ;—
Till he may think that moment blest
When his wearied soul shall sink to rest.

Yet he whose spirit soars away
Beyond the ills to man decreed,
May feel the pleasures of this day,
For the joys of spring are his indeed !
He may banish age, misfortune, pain,
And live his youth all o'er again ;
Who doeth well his earthly part
Hath Spring forever in his heart.

Effect of Music upon Animals.

Of all beasts, there's none that is not delighted with harmony, but only the Ass.—*ÆLIANUS' Hist. Anim.*

Horace relates that whilst chanting the praises of the fair Lalagé in the woods, he encountered a wolf, and that the animal fled from the sound of his voice. Surely the singing must have been frightfully bad to cause a wild animal to forego its prey !

That animals are attracted by music, and give unmistakable evidence of their appreciation of it, has been established by numerous recorded anecdotes, and probably every one has experienced instances of the delight in melodious sounds exhibited by the cat, the dog, the canary bird or the horse. The writer has fre-

quently noticed the great interest which a domestic cat has evinced in his performances upon the piano. Grimalkin would raise his back and purr, rub himself against the performer, and even attempt sometimes to jump upon the instrument. A fine Newfoundland dog looked with marked disapprobation upon our earlier efforts on the cornet, howling most dismally at every blast of the instrument, and showing increased agony at each successive ascending note in its scale. This animal could not be persuaded, either by gentle or harsh means, to keep his peace, and therefore had to be banished the presence during "practicing time." Woodland birds will partly lose their native shyness, and listen intently to the human voice when expressed in music. At the conclusion of a strain we have heard them endeavor to imitate it. The partiality of horses for music was observed by Shakspeare :

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood),
If they but hear perchance, a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand ;
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music.—*Merch. of Ven. Act V.*

It is related by Nathan, that whilst a lady with whom he was acquainted, was playing upon the piano in her room, the window of which looked into a paddock where several horses were grazing, the animals left their food, drew towards the window, and remained there apparently pleased, rubbing their heads against the paling and occasionally stretching their necks over it as if wishing to approach the sound still nearer ; on the music ceasing, the horses gradually dispersed, and began grazing as before.

Cows are not to be despised for very mean taste, when we are told that the Swiss draw them together by singing the *Ranz des Vaches*, as a huntsman would his hounds. The Governor of Corunna, in Spain, writes Mr. Southey, once issued an order to the carters of that town to have their cart-wheels greased, to prevent disagreeable creaking, but revoked the command upon representation that the oxen liked the sound and would not draw without its music.

Nathan relates that his dog was evidently delighted with his performances on the piano, and would run about the room in an ecstasy of joy at the sound of a lively strain, but that the sagacious animal recollected perfectly well a discord at the 48th bar of Dussek, Op. 15, and at the instant of striking it would invariably howl miserably, droop his tail, and crawl under the chairs and tables as if to hide himself from the offending sound.

One morning, while Domenico Corri was giving his able vocal instructions to a lady pupil, he had occasion to swell a note, and its duration being considerable, it particularly affected the aural faculties of a fine cat that had been listening to the previous part with apparent pleasure. As the note swelled into loudness the animal gradually arose, his tail enlarged, the hairs of his back became erect, and he fixed his eyes, with a look of terror and astonishment, on the object that caused his discomposure ; every increase of sound evidently wound the sensations of grimalkin to a higher pitch, and, with the climax of the note, vanished his last spark of forbearance, for he made a single bound to the door, and cried most piteously to be released from the powers of the son of Apollo.

There's nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change its nature.

Merchant of Venice.

WEAK SPOTS.—A wise man has foibles as well as a fool, but the difference between them is, that the foibles of the one are known to himself, and concealed from the world ; the foibles of the other are known to the world, but concealed from himself. The wise man sees those frailties in himself which others cannot ; but the fool is blind to those blemishes in his character which are conspicuous to everybody else. Then it appears that self-knowledge is that which makes the difference between a wise man and a fool, in the moral sense of the word.

VALUABLE musical manuscripts are reported to have been discovered in the Dominican and Augustinian convents at Rome. Among them are said to be several heretofore unknown pieces by Palestrina, and compositions by Joaquin Despres, Willaert, Dufay, and Orlandi di Lasso.

How to Write Music.

Most thinking people, with the exception of the authors of the new Latin Primers, have settled down in the opinion that the best way of learning a language is that of talking it first, and analyzing it afterward. Children talk their native language without the aid of grammar, and if transported into a foreign land will pick up the new language in an incredibly short time. Whereas the grown-up individual who trusts to grammars and dictionaries may, and probably will, acquire the power of reading a foreign language and yet be unable to converse in it with any comfort or discretion. The child uses his ear, eye, memory and mind, and wants not the exposition of logical rules. And as the child learns the speech-language, so it will learn the melody-language of music. The tune heard in church, in the nursery, in the drawing-room, and in the street—if anything like a tune—is caught up at once and stored in the memory. Imagine a child with a memory stored with pretty melodies—old songs, new songs, ballads, chants, chorals, and the familiar strains of Handel, and no less familiar beauties of the modern opera, suddenly put down to the desk and required to write harmony, and what is called counterpoint. Imagine the youth or maiden chained to the study of the abominable semibreves of Albrechtsberger, or the no less miserable conjunctions or progressions of Cherubini. The much-to-be-pitied captive is told that he is about to learn the purest of all styles in musical composition; that the studies he is about to engage in will exercise his ear, gratify his eye, and gradually form his style, his feeling and his taste. The master teaches certain facts, the chord, its positions, the concord, the discord, and then a string of prohibitory laws, that two or more parts must not go up or go down together, that two-fifths in succession are an abomination, that perfect concords must not follow each other, that sequence of octaves is so much nullification, and that all movement must be natural, no false relations, no tritone; in fact, such is the catalogue of "Thou must not do," that if followed up strictly no music could be ever written according to grammatical stringency. All that the youth or maiden has treasured up as beautiful music appears in startling opposition to the hideous exercise given the unhappy disciple. The pupil is left to hammer out something upon a theme which has neither rhythm nor reason, neither beginning nor end. He remembers how lovely is the chain of sixths and thirds in the compositions of the masters he worships, but he is told such movements are against all true order and propriety, and he must sedulously avoid all such exhibitions of weakness. As he progresses, and his brain gets more and more bewildered, his ear losing all consciousness of the real elements of music, he discovers the laws

of negatives gradually loosen and at last disappear, with the exception of the two iron-bound commandments "Thou shalt not make octaves; Thou shalt not write consecutive fifths." By the time the pupil enters upon the second part of his contrapuntal course, his ear is pretty well annihilated. Here steps in the art of walking backwards—the doctrine of inversion and contrary motion. Nine out of every ten examples are beyond measure disgusting and offensive to the ear, and containing constant breaches of the rules laid down by the master in his initiatory lessons. Then follows composing on a theme, or the art and mystery of the fugue—the giving out of the text, the reply to it, the links glueing these "disjecta membra" together, the taking the theme faster or slower, now in crotchets, now in semibreves; then the canon, the imitations, the episodes, the stretto, the fixed rules, the flexible rules, and we know not what.

During the whole of this melancholy progress, that which gives alone the real interest in musical composition is never once thought of, and is most sedulously kept out of sight. The feeling, the spirit, the joy, the tenderness, the pathos of musical movement is absent. Everything is iron, stone, and ice, and the more busy and industrious the pupil, the more cunning he gets in the exercise of all these atrocities, the more hard-hearted he becomes, the more deaf to real music, the more blind to the great works of the great masters. He tells you Handel could not write a true choral fugue, Bach was a long-winded chatterer, Haydn, an awful mannerist, and Mozart an unblushing thief. By the time he has gone through the course he is utterly ruined, an adept in the collocation of notes, punned upon in every direction, without heart, feeling or common sense. He has become a learned musician, a gladiator with themes and paradoxes, and quite unable to put together twenty bars of music that can afford any pleasure to the ear, educated or uneducated. If he does not set to work to unlearn all he has learnt he is a lost man, of no use to society, the laughing-stock of the amateur, and the bore of the true scholar. But the issue most to be noted in a course of study such as we have pointed out is: that set down this contrapuntal adept to write a chant, or a short choral, and what a hash he makes of it! Turn to the new collection of chants by Messrs. Ousely and Monk, what an inexhaustible musical Punch it is! The learned counterpoint, the varied cadences, the cunning link, the unbroken harmony, the strong rhythm, the decisive melody—all are absent; every page is full of poor commonplaces, and many of such places as the eye starts from and the ear mourns over. It is plain that the modern mode of studying high counterpoint is of no advantage in the construction of simple and short movements. It would seem, the shorter the tune the lighter the trammels, and the less important the rules of method and style.

Appeal to law is of no avail, for we are told every rule under the sun is distensible or squeezable.

There is a recent work by a Parisian contrapuntist—Henri Cohen—who appears to have laid down the laws of music-making in a somewhat more clear and certain manner, and to have condensed them into small compass and intelligible purport. This musician has written a sharp criticism on the method by Cherubini, which, according to M. Cohen's statement, was not written by Cherubini, but more probably by Halvéy. Cherubini was in his seventy-fifth year when the treatise first appeared, and although no question he directed the order of the work and superintended the examples, it may be that Halvéy or some other well-known academicien prepared the book for the press. The great point M. Cohen takes in his article of review is that the author or compiler lays down a set of laws so rigorous that no one can make music with them, and that the examples are crowded with breaches of those laws demonstrating their uselessness, and the embarrassment they create on all sides. The reviewer is thoroughly master of his subject, and appears to know the work by heart. His illustrations and quotations are curious and instructive. But M. Cohen has not touched the great mischief of the book, the inherent poison, its potency in destroying all musical feeling. There are no shades of color from the first page to the last, and with the exception of the double choir movement ending a *Gloria* by Sarti, nothing to interest or arouse the amateur. Can nothing be done to help the young musician in his studies, and to assist him in music-making without destroying his musical sensibilities? Is there no way of talking counterpoint, singing it, so that the pupils may have their ears tickled whilst their eyes and their heads are interested in the unravelment of its mysteries? Cannot a little amusement be combined with this fleshless anatomy of chained up sounds? Are all the beautiful movements of Handel so irregular that no one example can be taken from his great vocal works? The mode adopted at present is like that of making nonsense-verses. The examples are all in one stiff, square and meaningless condition; nor is there the relief here and there of any passage or short piece from a great master, with an analysis laying bare its scholarship and its great heart. Our old books of theory and harmony—those by Shield, Corfe, and others were full of Handel, and the chords, sequences, progressions, modulations and motions of parts were exemplified by some of the grandest points in all Handel's works. This excellent method has completely died away, and in our recent treatises in this country the pupils are distressed and plagued with ugly extracts from the compositions of such moderns as Schubert, Schumann, Hiller, and a tribe of nonentities. Who,

in his senses, would put forth Schubert as a master in counterpoint, or advance Schumann as a master of the fugue?

In looking upon the shadow we have lost sight of the substance, and if counterpoint is to be still taught on the Old World plan, let it be by old examples, and what may be fairly called music. What scholar of reputation has this study of Cherubini produced in this country? Where are the celebrated contrapuntists manufactured from the methods of present authors of theory? Has the method of Ouseley given us one? or the method of Hullah? And are the results of these authors in counterpoint so inviting as to induce a continuance in the now fashionable mode of instruction? Is it not notorious that the study of counterpoint is so depressing and so spirit killing that the pupils fall off and decline to go through the course? What good end can come of the method, when such men as Cherubini and Halévy break down, and show us that their rules are impracticable, and will not teach the methods of Handel or Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven? It is time this illegitimate thing, this ghost of olden art, should be proscribed, and something more useful and less mischievous found to supply its place. If it does not teach the master to write grand music, of what good is it to the scholar? Cherubini wrote his music in spite of his rules; but then every student is not likely to make a Cherubini.—*The Orchestra*.

NOTE.—In the above pleasantly exaggerated talk of our London contemporary there is much wisdom. Music, like all other arts, is progressive, and the modern composer disdains the trammels of the schools. It is time that rules which appear to be only made to give prominence to their exceptions, should be repealed. No doubt examples of harmony founded on familiar tunes, in which violations of law or good taste should be exposed, giving the pupils the chance to hear the errors and the improvement gained by correcting them, would make many more scholars at a much less expenditure of time, and patience, and brain power than the present system of instruction—if we have a system. Opinions will differ, perhaps, as to the advantage of recurring to Handel for our illustrations: we would most defferentially suggest that Handel is “played out.” We require in these times more highly seasoned fare, and would not hesitate to cull examples even from Liszt or Wagner, or from Meyerbeer—just because he was brave enough to use a long succession of those dreadful prohibited fifths when he had a proper place for them.

Let no timid student be frightened from harmonious paths by the *Orchestra's* grim sentences: those who have started out their originality—their fresh thoughts and pretty fancies—in the rigid regions of Albrechtsberger's “System,” may be revived by taking large doses of the

trickily luxuriant Godfrey Weber; for others, voni's edition of Marx's Musical Composition may be recommended as a safe guide by which one may become a musician without ceasing to be a good composer.

How to Write Music,” is a *taking* title, but, now that we have read the article, we do not see what the title-subject is explained at all. T.

THE MUSEUM of the Paris Conservatory has received a present of a harp from the Baroness Dornier, that was made in 1780, by Nadermann, or Queen Marie Antoinette. The instrument has been repaired by Erard, and is very valuable on account of the carving and painting with which it is decorated.

Anecdote of Weber.

While Weber was occupied as secretary of Prince Ludwig, he had occasion to visit King Frederick of Wurtemberg, Prince Ludwig's brother, to beg or borrow money for the needy prince. The old king cordially hated his brother, and after keeping Weber waiting for three hours, only received him to turn him rudely out of the cabinet. Outraged and indignant, he left the room, and met in the passage an old woman who asked the way to the room of the court washerwoman. “There,” answered the reckless youth, pointing to the door of the royal cabinet. The old woman entered, was violently assailed by the king, who had a horror of old women, and in her terror stammered out that a young gentleman who had just come out had informed her that this was the right room. The furious king guessed who was the culprit, and at once despatched an officer to arrest him. To those who have any idea how foul was the royal prison, it must appear marvellous that Weber could have occupied himself during his confinement with his art; but so it was. He managed to procure an old piano, and by dint of much patience put it in tune with a *door key*, and then and there composed the song, “A Stern Warfare is Our Life.” Fortunately the storm soon blew over, and the imprudent composer was released through the intercession of the prince, but without being cured of his mischievous propensities in the least.

THE MISERERE, which is sung twice in Rome during the Passion week, and produces such an effect on strangers, was composed over two hundred years ago, by Gregorio Allegre, well known by the name of Correggio. When the Miserere begins, the Pope and cardinals prostrate themselves on their knees.

The Last Judgment, by Michael Angelo, painted above the altar of the chapel, is then discovered brilliantly illuminated by tapers. As the service advances, these tapers are gradually extinguished. The forms of so many miserable

creatures, painted with such terrible energy by Michael Angelo, now become more and more imposing, from being scarcely perceptible by the pale light of the remaining tapers. When the Miserere is just about to conclude, the chapel-master, who beats time, insensibly gets slower, the singers diminish the strength of their voice, the harmony vanishes by degrees, and the sinner, confounded before the majesty of his God, and prostrate before his throne, appears to await in silence the voice which is to pronounce his doom. This piece owes its sublimity more to the manner in which it is sung, and the place in which it is executed, than to any individual merit of its own. It was composed with the intention of being sung in a peculiar manner, so as to produce the most sublime effect, and which it would have been impossible to express by precision of notes. The singing is, certainly, within the chapel, of the most affecting character. The same melody is repeated to every verse in the psalm: but this music, though precisely the same taken en masse, is not so in the detail. Thus it is easily understood, but yet never becomes tedious. It is the custom at the Sistine chapel to accelerate or retard the time on certain notes, to swell or diminish the voices according to the sense of the words, and even to sing some of the verses quicker than others.

[From the London Daily Telegraph.]

The first of Mr. Arthur Chappell's morning concerts took place on Saturday last, and was very fully attended, the shilling Amateurs coming out in great force. We are far from saying that the programme was not sufficient for such a result, but there can hardly be a doubt that the appearance of Herr von Bulow had much to do with it. Whatever the merit or demerit of this German pianist, he is unquestionably a man whose name is known far and wide, and in whom a great many persons believe with a faith which might move mountains, or, what is equivalent, move its object to be worthy of such absolute devotion. Herr von Bulow is the champion of a new school of piano-forte playing represented among us by an institution for the “higher development” of this branch of executive art. The institution, founded by persons who have yet to achieve anything remarkable, and patronized by, among others, Herr von Bulow himself, is the outgrowth of ideas which may well be looked at in the light emanating from their distinguished apostle. Only of late years have we in England learned the capacity of piano forte playing for “higher development.” In our ignorance, we thought that the resources of the instrument were long ago exhausted, and that we had heard the works of the greatest masters interpreted in a manner which left little or nothing to be revealed, however the mode of expression might vary. But it seems that we are all grossly mistaken, and a few young men now tell us so. Of

course we are very much obliged to the young men, whose earnestness and good intentions are beyond question, whatever may be said of their theory. The 'higher development' is a vague term. It sounds well, we admit, and, like the old Scotchwoman's comforting 'Mesopotamia,' can be 'rolled, a sweet morsel, under the tongue.' But experience of Herr von Bulow's playing suggests a rather anxious inquiry into the particulars of this 'higher development.' What does it mean? Has an extended keyboard anything to do with it—that widened area wherein a Rubinstein and a Liszt can disport, like leviathans in the ocean, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*? Presumably this is the case, because we are promised an edition of Beethoven's sonatas showing how the great master would probably have written for a modern 'Seven-Octave.' It may be doubted, however, if by 'higher development' is meant more perfect execution than that to which past and contemporary great players of the old school have accustomed us. We say so because the professors of 'higher development' are not, as a rule, remarkable for perfect execution. Indeed, what would be called in military phraseology, 'loose formation,' seems a part of their system. Herr von Bulow, for example, sometimes drops his notes and sometimes plays wrong ones, but the ecstasies of the 'higher development' theorists are not at all abated in consequence. We are bound, therefore, to search out their distinctive principles without reference to a strictly accurate rendering of the text. Does the new school take the bodily action of the performer under its care? Judging once more from observation, we should expect to find in the curriculum a course of exercises giving special heed to that style of 'going' which belongs to high-stepping horses, and laying down rules as to when an audience may be contemplated with the best effect, and when it is most advisable that the raptured eyes should be elevated to the ceiling. We are far from under-rating the importance of these exercises: nor, when St. James' Hall looks at Herr von Bulow with a zest equal to the zest with which it hears him, can we do other than conclude that 'higher development' is compatible with a good deal of worldly wisdom. But the distinctive and special claim of the new school lies in its culture of what is often called 'intellectuality.' Here again, we are met by a vague term, and are driven to find out its meaning through an examination of results. So estimated, 'intellectuality' seems to consist in a severe desire on the part of the performer to do that with the thing performed which nobody else has ever yet done. Formerly, the true artist gave reverent study to his text, and was perfectly satisfied to interpret it faithfully in the light of the composer's indications, no matter if, by so doing, he repeated the interpretation of a thousand others. Now, the question seems to be, not what the composer means, but of what his music is capable in the sense of

'original readings.' The more original the reading, no matter even if it be an absolute distortion, the greater the 'intellectuality.' This is an alarming doctrine, immensely capable of mischief, because an easy road to high-sounding distinction is sure to be crowded by those who can travel no other. The ultimate results, however, must be left to work themselves out, and all that can be done is to show the danger, and trust that it may be avoided to a greater extent than appearances now indicate. Certainly Herr von Bulow, the incarnation of 'higher development,' is a great favorite among us, nor are the causes of his position far to seek. He ministers to that craving for 'sensation' which is the curse of modern music. He plays without book, and the public act as though an astounding memory demonstrated astounding artistic capacity. He is a master of the style which appeals to the eye; and, as we have said, the public hear him as much with their visual as with their auricular organs. His playing, while often remarkable in the true sense, is more often noteworthy for an impulsiveness so headlong that trips and stumbles are the result. Lastly, he treats the greatest compositions of the greatest masters with a daring which, in itself, has a certain fascination. We watch Blondin on the high rope with an interest none the less great because it is painful, and in like manner we cannot but watch Herr von Bulow deal with a Beethoven concerto or sonata. This was demonstrated on Saturday when he played the 'Sonata appassionata,' and took part in Schumann's Quintet in E flat (Op. 44). But, while fully acknowledging his command over an audience, and while admiring his earnestness and the ability which accompanies it, we must hold that the artistic influence of Herr von Bulow is far from an unmixed good. Apart from execution which, however brilliant and impressive, is sometimes inexact, the 'higher development' he illustrates tends to the intrusion of a personality where there should only be art, elevates the performer above the work he has to do, and submits the inspirations of genius to individual manipulation as clay is submitted to the potter who fashions it.

F. KUCKEN, the song writer, has received the Cross of a Knight of the Order of Frederick, from the King of Wurtemberg.

A FUTURE TENOR is in Hamburg, in the person of a letter carrier, by name Gustave Walter. His voice is of great promise, and justifies the warmest hopes. He is studying in the Hamburg music school at present.

MENTAL pleasures, unlike those of the body, never cloy, but are increased by repetition,

We receive an unknown person according to his dress; we take leave of him according to his merit.

Happiness.

To diminish as much as possible the sorrows and evils of life to increase to their greatest extent its joys and pleasures, have ever been the great objects towards which all the labors of men have been directed. The history of the world is but the history of humanity striving for happiness, but various and often wonderful are the ways by which it is sought, for the ideas of happiness and its attainment are almost as various as the inhabitants of the earth. What gives pleasure to one may create in another the feelings of disgust. One man's idea of perfect bliss would seem a picture of misery to another. The Esquimaux would imagine for himself an icy heaven, with reindeers and sledges in profusion, and seas full of seals and walrus; but the inhabitants of a torrid country would shudder at such an idea, and paint in its place a land of eternal summer. However, all agree thus far; they make heaven of the very materials they have around them, only exalted in quality and degree. Is there music here? Then there must be music in heaven. Are there flowers here? Then flowers bloom there. Are there rivers and lakes, and bright sunshine here? Then all these three are there also. The most perfect state of happiness of which the human mind can have any conception has all its elements in this life and the conditions connected therewith. It cannot be otherwise; for our imagination, however active, can form nothing new. It may change the order and position of elements but can never create any.

Happiness, then, does not consist so much in searching after new things as in utilizing those which we have about us. All of us might be happier if we would learn this lesson. We should not then so often find ourselves asking the question: What is the use of living, after all. The very fact of our existence proves that happiness should be our lot. God has not given life to the humblest of his creatures in order to make them miserable. How then is it possible that man, the highest of all his creatures, should be destined to pass his days in misery? We do not believe in any such theory. The object of existence is happiness; and those who live a good and useful life cannot fail of realizing it.

GRAVITY is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

EMPLOYMENT is nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness.

WRONG always punishes sooner or later, the wrongdoers. There is no escape.

TRUTH sometimes tastes like medicine but that is an evidence that we are ill.

As the sun appears largest when he is about to set, so does the proud man swell most magnificently just before his fall.

My First Opera;
or, the Old Chapel Master.
—
A GERMAN STORY.
—

I.—THE CATHEDRAL ORGAN-LOFT.

I had just finished my work at the Academy of Music, and on my way home resolved to run into the cathedral and see my old landlord and music-master, Herr Zadaka, so that if the service was over I might walk home with him. I had now been ten months in Ratisbon, and in that time had contrived to learn a little counter-point, a good deal of thorough bass, and a great deal more than either of love. Perhaps my progress in the latter passion was aided by the fact that I preferred seeing my own likeness, photographed small in the blue eyes of Fraulein Zadaka to conning over the Masses of Palestrina and the elaborate compositions of the older masters. It is also possible that this sudden desire of mine for a walk with the good old chapel-master might have been increased by the probability of Lisa being up in the organ-loft with him. It was sunset, and a great flood of light was streaming through the western door and windows as I entered.

I sprang up the old stairs with the agility of three-and twenty, and was in a moment at Zadaka's side. His eyes glowed with renewed youth as he pressed the deep yellow keys, till the music pealed around him, and made the very planks under our feet and the carved cherubim above us vibrate again. Long processional passages, like the tramp of armies; bright carolings, as of welcoming angels; stormy fugues full of rude thunder and the conflict of warring hosts; groans of sorrow as from some expiring saints; then a radiant, peaceful ending, like the subsiding of a tempest; with, finally, an outburst of delight, as from the golden doors of heaven thrown open to greet the great army of earth's martyrs. As the last note finished, and the organ slowly subsided into rest, the old man, worn out by the vehemence of his own passion, closed the book, rested his head on his hand, and covered his eyes from the rich light that now fell upon them. He was silent for a moment or two, as I chattered about the doings of the morning, the pedantry of one master, and the cleverness of another.

"And that Steiger, does he ever talk of me to you?" said Zadaka, abruptly, watching me as I replied:

"Steiger!"

"Yes, Steiger. I see he has—you color. Tell me what he said."

"That you seemed like a man who had committed some crime, living so apart, and that no one knew your antecedents."

"He said that? Yes, because he tried to be organist here in the cathedral, and I beat him in open competition. Committed a crime, and

because I live apart. Did he not say what crime?"

"No. O, don't think again of such a fellow as that. He hates every one."

"Do you not hear a footstep in the nave?" said Zadaka, as he drew back the curtains and looked down anxiously, where the broad roadway of light still lingered.

"No, I hear nothing; we are alone here. I saw the last chorister boy go out as you were playing."

"Don't you see some one entering at the west door?"

"Where?"

"There, by the monument of the Seven Mercies."

"No, I see no one."

"Not there by the pulpit?"

"No."

"You look to the left pillar—I mean there to the right. Look! It is crossing toward the light on the floor."

I looked, and there truly, across the great golden band of light I saw a thin youthful figure dressed in black, with a face turned from us, pass slowly toward the east door.

"There, there!" said the old man, with a painful expression of apprehension. "You see it now; I am not dreaming—it is he! You see it!" and he hid his eyes and bent his head in his hands.

"It is only some chance visitor," I said. "I will run down and tell him the cathedral is closed, or he may be locked in."

I ran down in a moment, but no one was there. I called: no one answered. I ran from the east door to the west. No. I looked into the choir—there was no one.

Just then I heard the sweetest little voice call. "Herr Papa, Herr Papa, where are you?" It was Lisa. I ran forward to meet her, and we ran up the organ-stairs together. Herr Zadaka had fainted!

II.—THE TEMPTATION.

More than a year had passed away since that evening in the organ-loft, and I had grown into a musician of some skill, and, what is more, I had developed what my enthusiastic fellow-students were kind enough to term "a genius for composition." My ideas were crude, no doubt, and imitative, but they came fast, and I found in myself an ability to select and marshal them. They seemed to take shape; and while men more clever than myself, certainly more scientific, were wasting their time on drawing-room music, I always kept in view the one settled purpose of my life—original composition. Opera-writing, as admitting of great play of imagination, and embracing most every style of composition, was the path to fame which I had selected; and the crown Beethoven and Mozart had striven for no one but pedants like Steiger

could dare to despise. I had begun an opera on the subject of *Romeo and Juliet*, with a fairy story interwoven; my love for Lisa had inspired me for the work. That first passion that never burns again so purely and so brightly, gave, I thought, a tenderness and truth to the love passages that I might never be able again to represent with such Italian passion and sustained vigor.

I made love to Lisa in Romeo's song, and it was the evening after practicing a duett of the two lovers that I first clasped her to my heart, and heard her soblike murmurs, which meant she loved me once and forever. If Zadaka had ever been ambitious and envious, as he used to say he had been in old days when he was the bosom friend of Mozart, he had certainly grown a different man now. He was never tired of practicing and hearing my opera. When I sat down and played my pet bits, he stood with his great china pipe, like the very god of music and Rhadamanthus rolled into one; and when Lisa sang Juliet's songs he stood and listened like Orpheus in the Elysian Fields, when Eurydice sings to him of their past sorrows and their present joys.

One summer evening we were seated under the vine outside the garden window, he with his pipe, I with my violin, and Lisa singing inside at the piano which stood near the window. It was getting dusk, and the lamp was not lit. A nightingale, jealous of Lisa, was preluding on the linden in the garden.

"O Karl," said Lisa, as she concluded the song with a shake that seemed to defy the nightingale, and to have stolen all its harmony, "that is so beautiful. You will be a second Mozart. Now you shall have some coffee. I'll go and get the lamp, although you haven't been polite enough to give me an encore."

"That girl loves you" said Zadaka. "There was love in that voice and in yours—but you do not want me to tell you that—youth and love, they are one. There is a tone of voice that love can only produce—it cannot be assumed; the greatest actress cannot learn these tones. It is the heart speaking, and the heart alone can produce that perfect harmony."

"Now listen; I cannot, must not, give Lisa to you until your income is secure. Public success can alone secure it—you must succeed. Look at me; my life is the result of imperfect success; or, rather, of success obtained by wrong means. But I must not talk of that now. Again that piercing pain in my head! I am bound to tell you, with the voice of experience that has become prophetic, that there are still crudities in your opera"

A pang went through me. Was I to again rearrange the overture?

"How am I, Father Zadaka," I broke out, "to insure this success? I have flown my shaft. I have done my best. I cannot wait for ripen

judgment. The work is the fruit of youth, and as such I offer it to the public."

"Youth, youth, always dead out or in full flame. I—I am the great magician that carries the spell. Hear me. Years ago I was a fellow-student and bosom friend of the great Mozart. He gave me once, as the greatest treasure he could give, a half-written opera on the story of 'Francesca Di Rimini.' It contains some airs as exquisite as anything he ever wrote, but in a manner unusual with him, and more resembling Porpora. I value these as a very portion of my soul. I propose that we insert three of the best of these airs into your opera."

"I answer," said I, with my hand on the door into the lighter room, "that, if I ever wear laurels, they shall be unstained. It shall be true fame or none that I win."

And as I said this, I threw open the door into the dazzling light that confused me for an instant, and stepped, as it were, from hades into heaven. Lisa ran forward with a crown of jonquils that she had been twisting together, and laughingly crowned my head, then ran and sat down to the piano and played the first bars of a pompous march of triumph from *Judas Macabæus*. A moment after, with all her grace and strange Undine-like veerings from gayety to sadness, she leaped up and threw her arms round her father's neck.

"You look ill to-night, dear father," she said. "Does he not, Karl? He is working too hard at his book. Karl, you must help me burn all the pens."

"I have been anxious, my Lisa, about Karl and his success."

III.—THE CAFÉ APOLLO.

The last private rehearsal of the opera by the students of the Conservatorium was an overwhelming success. There could be little doubt of my victory if the audience was not prejudiced against my youth. Babelschweitz and his friends had insisted upon giving me a supper in the private room of the Apollo Club, the great resort of students; and old Zadaka was to be the chairman of the evening. I think, from his manner, he was glad that I had refused to do what I deemed dishonorable, and had trusted to myself alone. He seemed now to have little doubt of my success, and no trace of melancholy or disappointment lingered about him. His eyes rested with kindly humor on the noisy young students, and he appeared to relish their wild tricks, their outrageous enthusiasm, and to enjoy their uproarious songs, with absurd choruses, representing the cries of animals.

Steiger was never a pleasant sort of person, and he looked peculiarly disagreeable on this special night. He was a ferety-faced malevolent man, who always seemed as if he were going to bite you—his head like a rat's, his fore-

head low, his complexion yellow with bile, his dress sordid and careless, his walk a distorted twist, his hands like claws, his hair like dead moss—altogether a man to avoid.

"Steiger, old fellow," said Babelschweitz, in a lull of the mad merriment, "you don't look well; lost your voice, quarrelled with your tailor, or what is the matter? Pass him the bottle Klopfenheim."

"Herr Steiger," said Zadaka, rising with dignity and true courtesy, "the Apollo Club drinks to you. Gentlemen, I propose the health of Herr Steiger, the accomplished author of *First Studies for the Harpsichord*."

The toast was drunk with tremendous "vivas" and clash of instruments, but Herr Steiger did not rise to reply. But when the clamors actually grew violent, he rose slowly, and with a malignant glance at Zadaka.

"Gentlemen of the Apollo Club," he said, "I am surprised to find to-night, on the festival in honor of our young genius or our young failure of the future, a non-member in the chair, and more especially such a non-member. I have been before now accused of uttering slanders against this man; of trying, it was implied, to lower the reputation of a rival. I had my own reasons for these accusations and that dislike. His real name he conceals, and why? Because it has been disgraced."

Zadaka seemed going to rush at his enemy but I and Babelschweitz restrained and consoled him.

"Yes, I say disgraced, and when I tell you his infamous name, you will know that he is the incomparable villain who was everywhere believed in Vienna to have poisoned his friend—the divine Mozart—to conceal his thefts from him. That man, Antonio Salieri, sits there before you."

My blood turned icy with horror. I had heard of such a report as one generally believed in Vienna; but even if it were true, how could Zadaka be Salieri? I had never even heard him mention Vienna. He had always spoken of Mozart with a love that bordered on idolatry, and a regret that was overwhelming. I urged him to rise and deny this disgraceful calumny, and I, with my own hands, would expel and challenge the slanderer.

Zadaka stood up, but he regarded me with vacant eyes, and uttered only incoherent words. He pointed to the closed door and said:

"Who is that man in black, with his face turned from us, who is entering the door? He asks for me; he turns his face! It is Wolfgang! Wolfgang, do not repulse me! I am guilty. It is I—I my friend Franz—"

And as he said these terrible words the old man staggered a step forward with hands upraised, and then fell heavily on the floor, as we all thought dead.

"See now," said Steiger, "if I calumniated

the man. Karl Waldstein, you were well saved from such a father-in-law."

IV.—THE REQUIEM.

It was two days after the great triumph of my opera, the news of which had been the first sounds that broke on the ear of the old man, whose consciousness after his fit at the Café Apollo had but slowly returned. I was sitting with him one bright evening, soon after his return to reason, and Lisa, dear Lisa, to whom I was soon to be married, was gone to the curé to ask him to come and read to her father some prayers of the church, when he awoke, and seeing me, sat up, and begged me to come nearer to him. I came and sat by the bed, holding his thin white hands.

"Ah, my son, my dear son!" he said, "you did right to rebuke my sin by refusing my request about your opera. You need not tell me you love Lisa, for you still love a poor disgraced wretch like me. But I am no murderer. My great sin was one of ambition, and its fruits fell on me and crushed me into poverty and obscurity. My time on earth is but short; hear me tell the tale briefly. I and Mozart were fellow-students and dear friends. At one time I surpassed on the harpsichord, and even gained a prize for which he failed. A year later he flew past me in the race, and I grew envious. Still keeping his friendship, I raised secret intrigues to drive him from Vienna, where I dreaded his rivalry. I embittered his life; helped to shorten it. I was ambitious, and despair made me long for his death. At last his heart ceased to beat with its full activity. I saw him grow hectic; into his eyes came a strange unnatural fire. I feared, yet I rejoiced; I urged him to fresh studies, to more toil, to more passionate outbursts of his art, feeling that he was doomed to early death, and deceiving myself with the thought, inspired by Satan, that a few years more would raise me to fame. When overpowered with fatigue, I urged him to more labor, unconscious of my own baseness. I see now my great wickedness, and how near to murder the devil led me. At last the fiery soul outwore the fragile tenement of clay. He sank, and in almost his last hours he gave me the fatal gift of two unfinished operas, the work of his youth. Again I was tempted, and fell. I set up openly as an imitator of my dead friend, and wove into my operas the airs which I had stolen and completed. My success at first was great. At last some Steiger of those days, jealous of me, reported that I used MS. of Mozart. Duplicates of two airs I had used were found at Magdeburg, and my secret was discovered. Then came that terrible rumor, and I changed my name and fled. From the moment I stole the thoughts of Mozart, if I had written the music they sing in heaven, I could

never have raised myself to fame. The devil tempted me, and paid me as he always pays his victims in base money that will not pass. Ah, my son, how I have suffered! How can I wish to live now but for you and Lisa! Where is Lisa?"

"I see Lisa and the good old curé coming up the street. She has given him her arm. How beautiful she looks!"

As I watched the now exhausted man, Lisa and the curé entered. We knelt in prayer around the bed of the old chapel-master, and as we rose, he blessed and embraced us one by one.

"Lisa, my darling," he said, feebly, "go into the inner room and play me the 'Requiem' of Mozart. It breathes the very soul of Christian hope, and I read in it assurance of forgiveness and of peace."

Lisa was still weeping. I kissed her, and sat down myself at the piano; and then arose like an emanation the glorious music that the dying composer wrote for his interment. Strange, muffled processions, full of despair, seemed to pace past me through a world full of suffering and sorrow. Every variety of human grief the poet-thinker had embodied in those awful strains, broken by loud wailings and passionate outbursts of sorrow; but by degrees the music melted into light, and there diffused itself throughout the Requiem glimpses of ineffable brightness. I had paused for a moment in a sudden relapse of grief, when a suppressed cry and a low call from the curé aroused both me and Lisa.

"Do you not see him?" said Zadaka. "There is Wolfgang. He is no longer in funeral clothes, his face is bright with the glory of heaven; and see, he smiles and holds out his hand to me. I am forgiven, I am free. Farewell, Lisa, core of my heart! Farewell, lieber, lieber Karl! Heaven bless and guide you as it has ever done! Wolfgang, dear Wolfgang, I follow!"

Then the head sank; a change passed over the face. It was the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death. The old chapel-master lay dead in the soft evening light, and in the full glory of sunset we knelt round the bed and prayed for the passing soul.

White Water Lily.

If our readers knew how easily the White Water Lily (*Nymphæa odorata*) could be cultivated, we believe that very many of them would be quite as proud of their lily gardens as of any other portion of their premises. The roots having been procured in the fall, were kept damp during the ensuing winter, in flower pots. In the spring a tub was made by sawing a substantial barrel in two, and this duly painted green, was set on brick, put in the garden, and one-third

filled with a mixture, of rich garden soil, and sand. The roots were set in this mixture, water was added in small quantities, and at intervals of a day or two, and so gently as not to disturb the earth, until the tub was filled. Very soon the handsome round leaves, four or five inches in diameter, made their appearance and filled the tub. The loss of water by evaporation was made good from time to time, and ere long the blossoms appeared and delighted every one with their beauty.

When cold weather approached, the water was allowed to dry off almost entirely, and when it was thus nearly gone, the tub, with its contents, was placed in the cellar, and watered at long intervals through the winter. In the spring the roots were separated, and about half the increase returned to the same tub, in a fresh mixture of earth, and they are now brought out earlier than before, about April 1st, and blossom yet more profusely. The pure white flowers were as perfect as the Camellia, and delightfully fragrant, closing in the night and re-opening in the morning as is the wont of Water Lilies.

The blooms were about two inches in diameter, not quite so large as some of the specimens in the pond whence these roots were first taken, but not less beautiful nor less fragrant.—*Flower Garden.*

FROM all points of the amusement sky the breezes in unison blow the welcome and melodious intelligence that the grand opera of the future is to be something differing widely from the grand opera of the past, in that the music-loving and money-paying public instead of disbursing extravagantly to listen to the notes of one singer, is to be taxed moderately for the privilege of hearing the grandest productions of the lyric stage rendered throughout by capable artists. In other words, the vicious star system is to be relegated to a well-deserved oblivion. Rapacious song birds exacting three thousand dollars per night are to be left out in—well, let us say in St. Petersburg. Capable impressarios, musicians who love music for its own sake, promise to come to us next season with well appointed troupes, to be heard at fair prices—not four dollars for one reserved seat. The hearty welcome which awaits these long waited-for pioneers, our opera-patronizing readers can readily imagine. Just now words are not needed to describe the ovation awaiting the starless impressarios of the future. Let them but come, and a long-suffering public, dollar in hand, will rush to meet them.

SELDOM the married man has out-door pleasure;

All business, toil, as I have often heard;
He can't court Nature calmly and at leisure,

Careless of labor as a whistling bird;
And if he pride himself on patch or button,
Does he not grind his nose to earn his mutton?

—T. A. CONRAD.

THE only correct edition of Opera Librettos is that published by Lee & Walker; the translations are the most approved ones, and correspond with the stage copies. The text of the libretto of "Martha," as sold by the English Opera Company, does not agree with the stage version used by the same company, thereby causing much dissatisfaction. Lee & Walker's "Standard Edition" is always reliable, and is sold at less than half the price charged by the opera companies at their ticket offices and in the opera houses. Buy your libretto at the music stores and save twenty cents and vexation. See advertisement.

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MUSIC IN BALTIMORE.—The Peabody Institute orchestra recently presented a "Symphony Concert of Scandinavian Music." It was a brilliant success, musically and financially.

We learn that the Baltimore Choral Society are actively rehearsing the "Oratorio of Nebuchadnezzar," a new work composed by Prof. James M. Deems, a resident of that city.

Mr. Otto Sutro, a well-known music publisher, recently gave an invitation concert and supper at his piano warerooms, No. 207 W. Baltimore Street. The programme, which was full of good things, was participated in by upwards of three hundred ladies and gentlemen, including the Peabody Institute orchestra, under the able directorship of Mr. Asger Hamerick. Miss Edith Abell the young American prima donna, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, and Mr. Barili participated.

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OH scissors, mightier than the pen,
To steal the thoughts of other men!

THE AMATEUR.

H. A. CLARKE, - - - Editor.

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Musical Matters in Philadelphia.

Since the departure of the English Opera Company, but few entertainments of a musical character have been offered in Philadelphia, and the lenten season is marked by an unusual absence of amusement even for Philadelphia; and in striking contrast with the brilliancy of the New York season.

The most notable event which we have to record is the successful rendition of W. Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," by our Handel and Haydn Society, with the solo parts by Mlle. Lamara, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Briscoe and Mr. Barnhurst. We understand that the performance is to be repeated soon.

Wolsieffer's series of Twenty Saturday afternoon Concerts, at Horticultural Hall, will terminate at about the period that the current number of the AMATEUR reaches our subscribers. The season has been a great success, due no less to the efficient business management than to the excellence of the programmes offered. The large attendance at these concerts shows the growing taste for first-class music in our community; it is not many years since the rendition of an entire symphony was usually honored with empty benches, whilst now the symphonies are evidently the chief attraction, and they can be given at twenty successive concerts to large and appreciative audiences.

Dramatically, the only notable event was the engagement of Miss Charlotte Cushman at the Walnut St. Theatre, which has been a perfect ovation. *Guy Mannering*, *Macbeth*, and *Henry VIII.* were among the attractions offered. Mrs. D. P. Bowers succeeds Miss Cushman at the Walnut.

Theodore Thomas and his superb orchestra gave a subscription concert at our Academy of Music on Friday evening, March 13th, and a matinee on Saturday 14th, too late for notice this month.

Mr. J. H. Bonawitz announces the first production of his tragic opera "The Bride of Messina" at the Academy of Music, April 22d.

Madame Janauschek.

A rare treat is in store for Philadelphians during the current month in the return (after an absence of nearly a year) of Madame Fanny Janauschek, who will give a few of her unrivalled personations at the Walnut St. Theatre. This lady, who is undoubtedly the greatest tragedienne in America, has added *Queen Katherine* in Shakspeare's *Henry VIII.*, to her repertoire. Her *Mary Stuart* as well as her *Lady Dedlock* and the *Maid* in *Chesney Wold* are unapproachable personations.

THE BEST MONUMENT TO PAREPA.—Carl Rosa, the musician, has founded a scholarship in the Royal Academy of Music, in memory of his wife, the late Madame Parepa Rosa.

Boston, Mass.

Boston, March 9th, 1874.

DEAR AMATEUR:—If full houses at concerts, are any indication of musical taste, the "Hub" was never more disposed in that direction than at present. During the past thirty days, concerts, musicales, matinees, etc., etc., have been as plenty as mosquitoes in dog days, and but few empty seats to blight the enthusiasm of the artists. On the 14th of Feb., Miss Alice Dutton who will soon have a name in the musical world, received a complimentary concert at Mechanics' Hall. Mrs. H. M. Smith and Mr. Fessenden "did" the vocal, and Miss Dutton and Mr. B. J. Lang the instrumental. On the 18th Miss Abbie Noyes, who for many years has sat at the "receipt of customs" at Ditson's, received a benefit at the hands of her friends among the musicians. A full house greeted them, and a first class programme of music, both popular and classical, was excellently rendered. On the 19th, Mr. B. J. Lang, gave the first of a series of four classical concerts; the third is to be given March 12th. At each concert Mr. Lang has the assistance of a quartette orchestra, and one or two good vocalists. At the second concert, last week, standing room only could be had by late comers. On the evening of the 19th, the old-fashioned Father Kemp and associates gave an "Olde Folkes'" Concert at Music Hall, for a charity fair. It was so successful in every way as to be repeated by request.

Mr. Petersilea gave two more of his Beethoven sonata concerts February 20th, and March 6th. Lovers of Beethoven's compositions find these concerts entertaining and instructive. Feb. 23d, Madame Camilla Urso gave the first of a series of four concerts classique, at Horticultural Hall. They are attended by large audiences of Boston's best concert goers. Madame Urso's fame as a violinist is too well-established to be added to by anything we can say. Her performances add a charm to the rendering of choice selections from the old masters. At the concert March 9th, Mr. Hoffman, pianist, of New York, made his first appearance before a Boston audience, and made a very favorable impression. The last of this series occurs March 16th.

The Nilsson farewell concert took place Feb. 24th; Madame Nilsson and a number of the members of the Strakosch troupe appeared. Music Hall was literally packed, and the receipts exceeded the best opera nights; Madame Nilsson appeared three times on the programme, and sung four times (in addition) in response to encores, giving some of the modern songs in a style which exactly suited the temper of the audience. On the 26th the Howard Association gave one of their characteristic symphony concerts to a good house; Madame Camilla Urso gave a very fine violin solo, and exhibited her

rare grace and delicacy of execution to the best advantage.

On the 28th the Mendelssohn Quintette Club gave the concluding one of their series of chamber concerts. This club and the Beethoven, being made up of first class artists, present attractions rivalling in excellence, so far as small numbers can do so the "Thomas' Orchestra." It is the possession of just such material as composes this club that renders the "Thomas' Orchestra" so renowned. The Beethoven's by the way, are to give a few classical concerts soon.

Leavitt's "Coronation of Daniel" was quite well given at Tremont Temple, March 4th, under the direction of the author. The solos were sustained with decided ability, some of the choruses were quite satisfactory, and some of them were worse. The orchestral accompaniment was not of much advantage, and in this part there is room for considerable improvement. As a whole, however, the rendition was well received, and a very good house was in attendance.

On the 6th, Madame Schiller inaugurated a series of chamber concerts. On the few occasions when this lady has appeared in public at Boston, she has made a very fine impression as an instrumentalist, and her first concert is spoken of as well sustaining her reputation.

A brief season of English Opera was inaugurated last evening by the Kellogg troupe. *Lucia* being chosen for the first performance.

RANDOLPH.

New York.

March, 1874.

Whatever may be the under-current of religious feeling in this city, certainly the present penitential season has, so far as music and the drama are concerned, been turned, on the surface at least, into one continuous and extraordinary carnival. Since its opening we have had Nilsson, Lucca, Di Murska, and Aimee, all representing different Opera Companies. The Di Murska season, at the Lyceum, was but a short one of three performances, under Maretzek. The company have gone west, but will return here at Easter, and appear for a brief period at the Academy of Music. Every time Di Murska sings here, she but deepens the splendid impression she made on her *debut* among us. Aimee and her Opera Bouffe troupe succeeded her at the Lyceum, where they opened on the 9th instant with *La Fille de Madame Angot*. The Nilsson season at the Academy, which is still in full blast, commenced with *Aida*, instead of *Lucia* as announced, owing to the indisposition of the great cantatrice. It is a singular fact connected with *Aida*, that while Wagner and Liszt have been aiming at giving us the Music of the Future, Verdi has been endeavoring to give us some idea of that of the Past. While,

however, some enthusiasts may be inclined to accept the stormy foreshadowings of the two great German composers, the fine original intimations of the glorious Italian must be taken *cum grano*, from the fact that the Egyptians had no system of notation, so far as has been ascertained; and in the absence of any record in this relation, even conjecture itself is left without a leg to stand upon. So essentially melodramatic is this opera, that the music may be said to be no more than simply an adjunct or accompaniment of scenic effects, which hold the position of leading *temas*, as it were, from the meeting of Radames and Ramphis, in the first act, to the magnificent garret scene, which so puzzled the necks of the parquet here, in the last. The illness of Madame Lucca has cut German opera short, at the Stadt Theatre. She had been singing since the 2d inst, to very large houses, at what are called popular prices, which means a low figure, compared with the price of tickets at the Academy. It is to be hoped that this eminent artist will be able to resume her fine performances in a day or two. The spirited *impressario*, Strakosch, promises "The Flying Dutchman," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Rienzi," as prominent features of his next operatic season. He has "Lohengrin," now in active rehearsal, under the direction of Mr. Nuendorf, with a view to producing it here immediately.

Theodore Thomas still continues to delight us with his fine symphony concerts, at stated periods. Central Park Garden, which has been the scene of so many of his musical triumphs, will be re-opened by him, in May, as usual, notwithstanding some reports to the contrary. The benefit concert of Mons. Maurel, at the Academy, last night, was far from well attended; although Nilsson, Wieniawski, and other great artists were present upon the occasion. Wieniawski has not left us yet; he gives his *final* farewell concert at Steinway Hall, to-morrow evening. The Philharmonic Society give a general rehearsal at the Academy of Music, on Saturday next. Campanini and other members of the Strakosch Italian Opera Company, have been singing in concert, at the Grand Opera House. There has been no addition to the Nilsson *repertoire* at the Academy. "Lohengrin" will be the only new feature introduced during the present season. Maurel goes to Europe, shortly, under engagement to Mr. Mapleson, Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane. Nilsson, Kellogg, Lucca, and Di Murska, were all staying at the same time, in this city, recently

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WATCHING THE REAPERS.

BALLAD.

Composed by

HORATIO D. HEWITT.

Gaiement e delicoso.

1. Just such a night as the pres - ent, - - When the rea - pers were scat - ter'd a -
2. Once more I now watch the reap - ers, - - Just o - ver the same mer - ry

bout, - - I stood at the gate of the corn - field, - - And
men, - - Who twice since have gath - ered the har - vest, - - And

rit. *tempo.*

watched them pass mer - ri - ly out, - - - Till I was the on - ly one
plucked down the pop - pies since then; - - - For men must toil hard for their

cres. *p*

watch - ing, - - O - ver the corn - field so wide; - - - When I
liv - ing, - - Wo - men must wait and must weep; - - - Weep for

minore.

heard "Norah, dar - ling," called soft - ly, - - And Don - ald he stood at my
those they will meet per - haps nev - er, - - Un - til in the last qui - et

p *rit.*

side; - - - Shall I tell you, the tale that he told me? Ah,
 sleep; - - - And Don - ald, oh, where is he roam - ing? And

p

rit. *con dolore e* *espressione.* *ad lib.*

no, it were bet - ter un - told; - - - For those words were meant for me
 why does he tar - ry so late; - - - Can he now for - get I am

cres.

on - ly, In the sun - set of pur - ple and gold. - - But he
 wait - ing Down be - side the old corn - mead - ow gate. - - Wait - ing

f *rit.* *e dim.*

whis - per'd to me just at part - ing, - - And his voice it was clear in its
 whilst ev'n - ing shad - ows are deep'n - ing, - - And still watch - ing, while fast falls the

a tempo giocoso. *p*

tone, - - Next year, when the reap - ers are bu - sy, - - I'll claim thee, sweet
dew, - - Yet hop-ing, through storm-clouds or sun-shine, - - That he is still

rit. *a tempo.*

Nor-ah, my own, - - I'll claim thee sweet Nor-ah my own. - -
faith-ful and true, - - That he is still faith-ful and true. - -

f

p *con delicatezza.*

Watching the Reapers

FLORENCE GALOP.

Introduction. *Sva.....* GALOP. *Sva.....* By C. J. MIERS.



Sva..... *Sva.....*



Sva.....



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by LEE & WALKER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

The first system of musical notation consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble clef features eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system continues the piece. It includes an 8va (octave) marking above the treble staff in the third measure, indicating a change in pitch. The musical notation follows the same pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble and chords in the bass.

The third system also features an 8va marking above the treble staff in the first measure. The notation continues with rhythmic patterns of eighth and sixteenth notes in the treble and accompaniment in the bass.

The fourth system is marked "TRIO." on the left. It introduces a new section with a different melodic line in the treble staff, while the bass staff continues with a similar accompaniment style. The key signature remains one sharp.

The fifth system continues the Trio section. The treble staff shows a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment with chords.

The sixth system is the final one on the page. It concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase in the treble and a concluding accompaniment in the bass. The key signature remains one sharp.

8va.....

8va.....

8va.....

8va.....

8va.....

8va.....

Florence Galop.

To Miss Rebecca Mastbaum.

REBECCA WALTZ.

By FRANK GREEN.

8va.....

8va.....

8va.....

8va.....

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by LEE & WALKER, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

8va.....

The first system of musical notation for 'Rebecca Waltz'. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The time signature is 3/4. The music features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody starts with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a series of chords, mostly triads, with some dyads. The system ends with a double bar line.

8va.....

The second system of musical notation for 'Rebecca Waltz'. It continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The melody in the treble clef has a series of eighth notes and a half note. The bass line in the bass clef continues with chords, including some dyads. The system ends with a double bar line.

8va.....

The third system of musical notation for 'Rebecca Waltz'. The melody in the treble clef features a series of eighth notes and a half note. The bass line in the bass clef continues with chords, including some dyads. The system ends with a double bar line.

8va.....

The fourth system of musical notation for 'Rebecca Waltz'. The melody in the treble clef has a series of eighth notes and a half note. The bass line in the bass clef continues with chords, including some dyads. The system ends with a double bar line.

8va.....

The fifth system of musical notation for 'Rebecca Waltz'. The melody in the treble clef features a series of eighth notes and a half note. The bass line in the bass clef continues with chords, including some dyads. The system ends with a double bar line.

8va.....

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part consists of six systems of grand staves. The vocal part is written on a single staff, starting with an 8va (octave) marking. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics include *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *uf* (ultra-forte). The score concludes with a double bar line and the marking *D. C.* (Da Capo).

f

mf

p

uf

f

mf

p

D. C.

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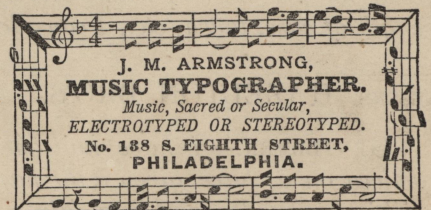
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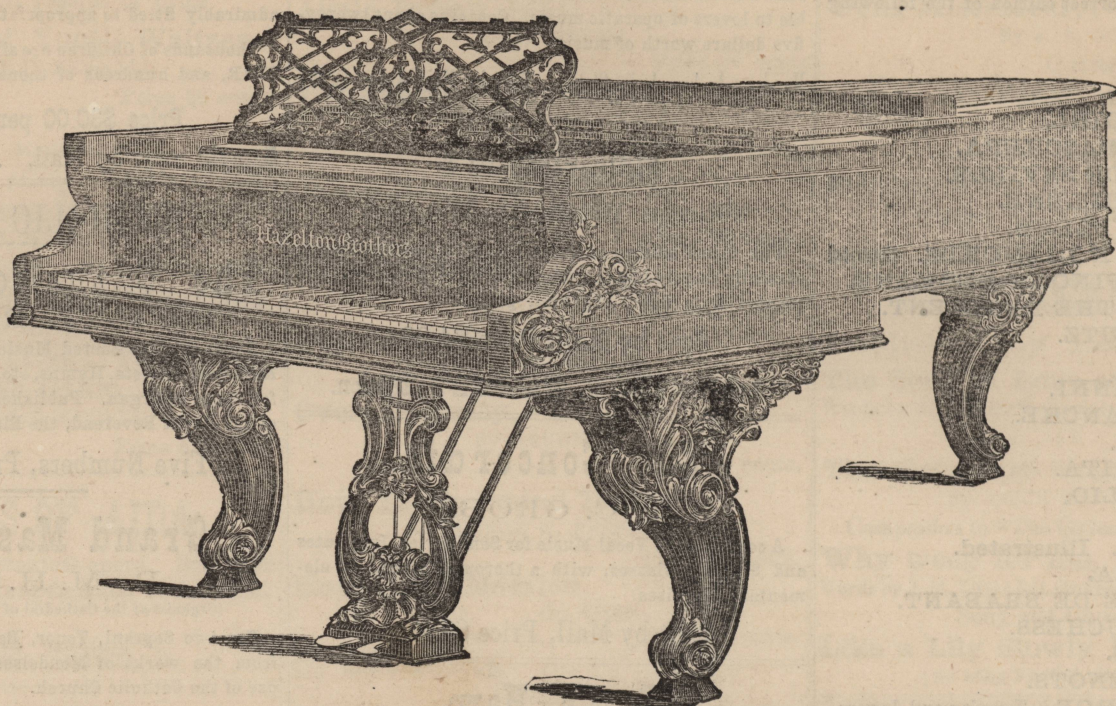
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